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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6W

'Two Doctors'

by

Robert Holmes

EPISODE TWO

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Special Sound	DICK MILLS

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"DOCTOR WHO" SERIAL 6W 'Two Doctors' EPISODE TWO

CAST:

THE TWO DOCTORS
PERI
JAMIE
CHESSENE
DASTARI
SHOCKEYE
STIKE
VARL
OSCAR BOTCHERBY
ANITA
COMPUTER VOICE

* * * * *

SETS:

Cellars.
Outbuilding.
Hallway.
Bedroom.
Computer Room (Space Station)
Passage (Space Station)
Tardis - Console Room

* * * * *

TELECINE:

Hacienda and Grounds.
Country Road.

* * * * *

"DOCTOR WHO"

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EPISODE TWO

SUPOSE CAM

Opening
Titles:

REPRISE THEN:

1. INT. INFRASTRUCTURE.

(PERI FIGHTS FREE
OF THE SHADOWY FIGURE
AND STRIKES IT A SAVAGE
GLOW.

HER ATTACKER FALLS
STRIKING HIS HEAD)

PERI: Thanks for your help, Doctor.
(cont ...)

(PERI RUBS HER THROAT
MUSCLES, THEN
REALISES THERE HAS
BEEN NO WORD FROM
THE DOCTOR)

PERI: (cont) Doctor?

(SHE GOES OVER TO
THE THICKET OF
TUBING AND SEES THE
DOCTOR HANGING LIMPLY,
THE YELLOW GAS STILL
BILLOWING OUT AROUND
HIM.

PERI TAKES HIM BY
THE SHOULDERS AND
PULLS HIM BACK.

HE SLUMPS TO THE
GROUND. SHE RAISES ONE
OF HIS EYELIDS AND
SEES A FLICKER OF
MOVEMENT)

Come on, Doctor! Wake up!

(SHE SHAKES HIM,
SLAPPING HIS FACE.

THE DOCTOR STIRS
AND MUBLES)

Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: (THICKLY) Wha's it?

PERI: Come on! Get up!

THE DOCTOR: Peri?

(HE SITS UP,
FEELING HIS HEAD
WOOZILY)

What happened? Why did you call?

PERI: That thing we thought was an animal attacked me. And it's human, I think.

THE DOCTOR: If you hadn't called me I wouldn't have triggered that stun jet. I was expecting there'd be one. It can't be human. They haven't reached this part of the galaxy.

PERI: Well, it's humanoid at any rate. Come and see.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS
AT THE LAST WISPS
OF VAPOUR CLEARING
FROM THE STUN JET)

THE DOCTOR: Verum gas. An ordinary person would have been unconscious for hours.

PERI: So would you if I hadn't pulled you clear of it.

THE DOCTOR: No, I closed my respiratory passages the moment I detected the danger.

PERI: Then how do you breathe?

THE DOCTOR: With difficulty.
I'll explain it to you one day.

(HE LOOKS DOWN
AT THE RAGGED SHAPE)

Yes, it does look to be humanoid. So it finally mustered the courage to attack.

PERI: I think it was my fault. It was protecting its larder.

(PERI GESTURES
AT THE MEAGRE
STORE)

THE DOCTOR: Understandable.

(HE ROLLS THE
UNCONSCIOUS FORM
OVER.

IT IS, UNDER THE
GRIME AND WHISKERS,
JAMIE.

THE DOCTOR REACTS)

Jamie!

PERI: What?

THE DOCTOR: It's Jamie. How did
he get here? He should be with me.

PERI: He isn't with you, Doctor.
Not any more.

THE DOCTOR: No, that's right.
But if he's here where am I? I
must have been here, Peri!

PERI: You mean in some past time?

(JAMIE STARTS TO
COME ROUND.

HE SEES PERI AND
THE DOCTOR CROUCHED
OVER HIM AND FLINCHES
AWAY IN TERROR)

THE DOCTOR: It's all right, Jamie.
All right.

JAMIE: Keep away!

PERI: We're not going to hurt you.
We're your friends.

(JAMIE GIBBERS
IN TERROR)

THE DOCTOR: Hold him still.

(HE PULLS OUT A
WALLET CONTAINING
LONG SKEWER-LIKE
NEEDLES.

HE PLUNGES ONE
INTO JAMIE'S NECK)

PERI: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: Don't worry. It will
help him relax.

(AS HE SPEAKS
HE STABS JAMIE WITH
THREE MORE OF THE
LONG NEEDLES.

JAMIE SIGHS AND
SINKS BACK)

PERI: Relax! You've killed him!

THE DOCTOR: Don't be ridiculous.
I seem to remember I was always
rather fond of Jamie.

PERI: He's not moving.

THE DOCTOR: That's because his
nervous system is temporarily
paralysed. He'll be fine shortly.

JAMIE: Doctor ...

THE DOCTOR: Yes, Jamie?

PERI: He's not talking to you.

JAMIE: They killed the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid he's deranged.
It's the effect of extreme fear.

(JAMIE IS COVERING
HIS EYES AND MOANING.)

PERI TAKES HIM IN
HER ARMS AND GENTLY
PULLS HIS HANDS DOWN)

PERI: Jamie, look at me. Don't
be frightened. My name's Peri.
I'm your friend, do you understand?
Friend ...

(JAMIE GAZES AT
HER AND SEEMS TO GROW
CALMER)

JAMIE: They killed the Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: He seems very sure of
that. It must have made an
impression.

PERI: Is it possible?

THE DOCTOR: Of course not. I
exist. Therefore I am and was.

PERI: Don't go through that
irrefutable logic again.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, yes. When I had
that mind-slip.

PERI: You did say you were being put to death.

THE DOCTOR: So I did. I remember now. Could it have been here?

PERI: Don't ask me. I don't understand any of it.

THE DOCTOR: Neither do I yet.

(HE PRODUCES HIS
PENDANT AND,
KNEELING, SWINGS
IT ABOVE THE
DROWSY JAMIE)

Jamie, I want you to look at this pretty thing. See how it swings backwards and forwards ... forwards and backwards. It makes your eyes feel very heavy. You want to close your eyes ... close your eyes and sleep.

(JAMIE SLEEPS)

Jamie, why did you come here with the Doctor?

JAMIE: To see Dastari.

THE DOCTOR: And did you see him?

JAMIE: Aye. They had an argument.

THE DOCTOR: The Doctor had an argument with Dastari? What about?

JAMIE: The Time Lords.

THE DOCTOR: Do you remember what happened then, Jamie?

JAMIE: There was a battle. The knights came and killed everyone.

THE DOCTOR: The knights? Tell me about them. What were they like?

JAMIE: They had like armour. Heavy. No necks. And they had only two fingers. They killed everyone! They killed the Doctor! I saw them!

(THE DOCTOR LAYS
A SOOTHING HAND
ON JAMIE'S BROW)

THE DOCTOR: All right, Jamie. Sleep now.

(HE STANDS IN
THOUGHT, THEN REMOVES
THE NEEDLES)

He just gave a fairly accurate description of the Sontarans.

PERI: You mentioned them, too, after your mind-slip.

THE DOCTOR: (BRISKLY) Let's see if anything's recorded in that computer.

(HE GOES TO
THE LADDER)

PERI: What about Jamie?

THE DOCTOR: He'll be all right now. A little sleep's the best thing for him.

2. INT. COMPUTER ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR AND
PERI ENTER)

THE DOCTOR: Of course I never
for a moment thought it was
the Time Lords.

PERI: Oh, come on. You
had doubts.

THE DOCTOR: Only because of
that last entry in Dastari's
log. They must have forced
him to write it before they
killed him.

PERI: Why would they want
to frame the Time Lords?

THE DOCTOR: Frame?

PERI: Make them appear
guilty when they weren't.

THE DOCTOR: I see. Who
knows? They're rabidly
xenophobic. Probably they
thought the Third Zone was
growing too powerful and
might ally itself with the
Rutans.

(HE PRESSES THE
COMPUTER'S CONTROL
PAD)

Is that the answer?

COMPUTER: No speak.

THE DOCTOR: No speak? What sort of language is that?

COMPUTER: Central fault.
No speak.

THE DOCTOR: I must have disconnected one of its verbal neurons. Still, the data bank is functioning.

(HE IS SCROLLING
UP DATA ON THE
DISPLAY)

PERI: Who are the Rutans?

THE DOCTOR: The Sontarans and the Rutans are old enemies. They've been fighting across the galaxy for so long they've forgotten what started it ... Ah, here we are! This is the Kartz and Reimer work!

(PERI STUDIES HERSELF
IN A FULL-LENGTH
WALL MIRROR)

PERI: I look a mess.

THE DOCTOR: Of course I can quite understand the Time Lords wanting to monitor their experiments. If the holistic fabric of time were ever punctured it'd be like putting a pin into a balloon. The universe would simply collapse.

PERI: Look, Doctor, food!

(SHE HOLDS UP
A CONTAINER)

Shall I take it to Jamie?

(THE DOCTOR IS
STARING EMPTYLY,
HIS FACE SUDDENLY
HAGGARD)

THE DOCTOR: Peri, it is
possible!

PERI: What?

THE DOCTOR: That I was
killed. It's why I
collapsed ... that weakness
I felt!

PERI: But you've said you
can't be dead then and here
now.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, if I
arrived here during a time
experiment ... caught in an
embolism and therefore
outside the time flow. But
if I am dead then and here
now that means I was at the
very epicentre of the
engulfing chaos!

PERI: I don't understand.

THE DOCTOR: It means the
collapse of the universe
has started! Nothing can
stop it.

PERI: That's crazy!

(THE DOCTOR GETS
UP. HE EYES
PERI SADLY)

THE DOCTOR: All the mass
in the universe compressed
into a single quasar.
Rassilon predicted that it
might happen. It's always
been the great fear of the
Time Lords.

PERI: How long will it
take?

THE DOCTOR: For everything
to end? A very few
centuries.

PERI: Centuries? Oh, well!
If it's not going to happen
right away I'll go and see
how Jamie is.

(SHE EXITS.

THE DOCTOR SHAKES
HIS HEAD AT HER
INDIFFERENCE TO
THE APPROACHING
CALAMITY. HE PACES
THE ROOM)

THE DOCTOR: She can't
comprehend the scale of
it. Eternal blackness.
No more sunsets. No more
peacocks. And nevermore
a butterfly ...

(AS HE TURNS TO
PACE BACK, HE
SEES PERI IN
THE TRANSPARENT
CYLINDER FEATURED
IN SCENE 9, EP.1.

SHE, LIKE THE DOCTOR,
IN THAT SCENE IS
WRITHING IN AGONY..

PERI'S BODY OUTLINED
IN RIPPLING BLUE
FIRE.

THE DOCTOR RUNS TO
HER HELP. BUT AS
HE REACHES THE
CYLINDER HE STOPS.

A KNOWING LOOK
CROSSES HIS FACE.

HE GOES OVER TO
THE COMPUTER AND
PRESSES THE
GRAPHICS DISPLAY
BUTTON.

NOW, INSTEAD OF
PERI, WE SEE
DASTARI UNDER
TORTURE IN THE
CYLINDER.

ANOTHER TOUCH AND
IT IS THE DOCTOR,
(TROUGHTON), WHO
IS IN THE CYLINDER.

THE DOCTOR PLAYS
THROUGH TWO OR
THREE MORE TORTURE
SCENES AND THEN
SWITCHES THE
DISPLAY OFF. HE
SINKS BACK INTO
THE CONTROL CHAIR,
THINKING DEEPLY.

PERI COMES IN WITH
JAMIE)

PERI: Doctor, he's better.

JAMIE: He's not the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: I am so ...
Peri, watch this.

(HE SWITCHES ON
THE GRAPHICS.

PERI STARES WITH
SHOCK AT HER
IMAGE BEING
TORTURED WITHIN
THE CYLINDER)

PERI: Oh, stop it! Please,
it's horrible!

(THE DOCTOR SWITCHES
THE DISPLAY OFF)

THE DOCTOR: Lifelike, isn't
it? Or, rather, deathlike.

JAMIE: That's how they
killed the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: I don't think
they did. I'm beginning
to understand now. They
left this illusion because
they wanted to make it
appear that I was dead.

PERI: Who?

THE DOCTOR: The Sontarans.
They hoped to stop any
investigation into my
disappearance. So obviously
I'm being held captive
somewhere.

PERI: Well, why am I in
it?

THE DOCTOR: That was their
mistake. They left the
animator switched on and
when you looked in that
... (POINTS TO MIRROR) ...
it copied your body-print.

JAMIE: You don't think the Doctor's dead - I mean my Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: No, I don't, Jamie. And if I'm not dead in that form then my theory about the time embolism is also wrong. It shows the danger of drawing conclusions from incomplete information.

JAMIE: Well, what have they done with him then?

THE DOCTOR: The fact that they've gone to these lengths to try to cover their tracks is interesting. And why did they feel it necessary to board the Station? If they simply wanted to destroy it they could have done that with missiles from a million miles out ... No, this begins to have all the hallmarks of a conspiracy.

PERI: What sort of conspiracy?

THE DOCTOR: A plot to kidnap me and probably Dastari as well. And that means the Sontarans were working with someone on the inside.

PERI: But why should they want to kidnap you - the other Doctor? From what I've heard about the Time Lords they're not likely to pay a ransom.

THE DOCTOR: If I'm right,
they've take Dastari too.
And he's about the only bio-
geneticist in the galaxy who
might be able to isolate a
Time Lord's symbiotic
nuclei.

PERI: So that's how you
control the Tardis?
Symbiosis ...

THE DOCTOR: If the Sontarans
get the secret of time travel
they'll be invincible. We
must find out where they're
holding me!

JAMIE: How can you do that?
They might be anywhere.

THE DOCTOR: I made contact
with myself before - during
that mind-slip. I'll try
telepathy. It's about
our only chance.

(HE LIES ON A
BENCH)

I shall seem to be unconscious
but there's nothing to worry
about. While my mind is out
of the body, however, don't
touch me. Don't even come
near me. Any kind of
disturbance is likely to
sever the astral link and
kill me.

(PERI AND JAMIE
EXCHANGE A LOOK)

PERI: How long will it
take?

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Forest Land. Day.

OSCAR BOTCHERBY, dressed for a safari, carries a large butterfly net and his killing box.

He is with ANITA, a pretty local girl. They come to a faded sign in Spanish.

OSCAR: What does that say, Anita?

ANITA: Keep Out.

OSCAR: Oh, well, perhaps we had better -

ANITA: It doesn't matter, Oscar. It's a very old sign.

OSCAR: Yes, but -

ANITA: No-one lives on the hacienda now. Only the Dona Arana.

OSCAR: The Dona Arana?

ANITA: An old lady. Don Vincente Arana's widow. She never leaves the house.

OSCAR: Where is the house?

ANITA: Behind those trees.
In the old days, when my
mother worked for the Don,
it was like a palace. Now
it is falling down.

OSCAR: When I have seen
by Time's fell hand defaced/
The rich-proud cost of
outworn buried age.

ANITA: This is the place.
There always used to be
hundreds of moths in this
little wood.

OSCAR: Yes, it looks like
splendid moth country. Of
course, we're a little
early. Moths are ladies
of the night. Painted
beauties sleeping all day
and rising at sunset to
whisper through the roseate
dusk on gossamer wings of
damask and silk.

ANITA: You really like
them, don't you, Oscar?

OSCAR: I adore them.

ANITA: Then why do you
kill them?

OSCAR: So that I can look
at them.

He lights a lantern
and sets it down on
a tree stump.

ANITA: I'm always afraid
they'll get in my hair.
What's that for?

OSCAR: Moths to the flame,
my dear. Then I net them and
put them in my cyanide box.

ANITA: All that so that
you can look at them?

OSCAR: I mount them in my
collection ...

He glances up at
the sky from which
can be heard a
swelling rumble.

OSCAR: Then I can sit and
admire them.

ANITA: Don't you have a
television?

OSCAR: Get down!

They fling themselves
flat as something
roars low over the
trees. The noise fades.

They sit up.

OSCAR: I thought it was
going to hit us.

ANITA: It landed over that
way somewhere. We ought to
go and see. Somebody might
need help.

OSCAR: Oh, I do hope not!
I can't bear the sight of
gory entrails - except,
of course, on the stage.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

STIKE and DASTARI
are carrying the
unconscious DOCTOR,
(TROUGHTON), between
them.

They carry him into
the courtyard of the
hacienda.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

ANITA and OSCAR come
out of the trees on
the hillside above.
Looking down, they
see THE DOCTOR being
taken towards the
house.

ANITA: It must have crashed.

OSCAR: Please, Anita, don't
let's go any nearer. They
might be suffering from
hideous injuries.

ANITA: The Dona Arana won't
be able to help them. And
there's no telephone. We'll
have to call someone, Oscar.

OSCAR: Yes, we'll summon
the authorities. Competent
official people trained in
the tying of bandages.

They hurry away.

END TELECINE 1.

3. INT. COMPUTER ROOM.

(JAMIE LOOKS AT THE
DOCTOR. (BAKER))

JAMIE: He's not breathing.

PERI: He's probably closed his
respiratory tract again.

JAMIE: Eh?

PERI: Well, I don't know. I
think he's all right.

JAMIE: Peri, I can smell
something burning.

PERI: You're right. (cont ...)

(BEHIND THE COMPUTER
ONE OF THE MAIN CABLES
IS SMOULDERING. IT
BEGINS TO POUR OUT
SMOKE, THEN BURSTS INTO
FLAMES. THE FIRE
QUICKLY SPREADS TO
OTHER CABLES.

JAMIE AND PERI RUN TO
TRY TO STAMP IT OUT
BUT THE FLAMES ARE
SPREADING RAPIDLY.

LUMPS OF BURNING
PLASTIC BEGIN FALLING.

A BURNING GLOB FALLS
ON THE REST BUNK,
THREATENING THE DOCTOR
WITH CREMATION.

JAMIE RUSHES FORWARD
AND KNOCKS IT TO THE
FLOOR.

HE STAMPS IT OUT WHILE
PERI - CAREFUL NOT TO
DISTURB THE DOCTOR -
DEALS WITH THE
SMOULDERING MATTRESS.

BUT MORE FIERY DEBRIS
IS RAINING DOWN)

PERI: (cont) We've got to get him
out of here, Jamie!

JAMIE: How? We canna' wake him.

PERI: If we don't he'll be burnt
to death, anyway. The whole place
is going up!

(SHE GIVES THE DOCTOR
A SHAKE)

Doctor, you must wake up!
Doctor!

(NO RESPONSE)

JAMIE: (COUGHS) We'll die in
this smoke. Can we not move the
pallet? Let's try ...

(THEY HEAVE AND
PUSH AT THE BUNK)

PERI: Something's holding it.

(SHE CRAWLS UNDER
THE BUNK)

It's clipped to the wall.

(PERI STRUGGLES WITH
THE HEAVY CLIPS
RETAINING THE TWO
REAR LEGS.

JAMIE DRAWS HIS
SKEAN DHU)

JAMIE: Here. Out of the way,
lassie.

(WITH THE KNIFE'S
LEVERAGE HE IS
ABLE TO PRISE THE
CLIPS OPEN.

NOW THE BUNK
TRUNDLES FREELY.

COUGHING AND CHOKING
IN THE THICK SMOKE,
THEY WHEEL THE DOCTOR
ACROSS THE ROOM)

4. INT. PASSAGE.

(PERI AND JAMIE PUSH
THE BUNK OUT INTO
THE PASSAGE.

FLAMES LAP THE DOOR
OPENING AS JAMIE
SLIDES IT TO BEHIND
THEM)

JAMIE: How is he?

(PERI MOPS HER
STREAMING EYES)

PERI: Better than we are, I
think. He's still not breathing.

(C.U. THE DOCTOR)

5. INT. CELLARS.

(C.U. THE DOCTOR
(TROUGHTON)).

HE IS LYING ON A
SURGICAL TROLLEY.

DASTARI BENDS OVER
HIM WITH A HYPO-
INJECTOR)

CHESSENE: How is he?

DASTARI: This will bring him round.

(THE DOCTOR'S EYES
FLICKER.

THE DISTANT SOUND
OF BELLS ARE HEARD
AS CHESSENE AND
DASTARI WATCH THE
DOCTOR TENSELY.

HIS EYES OPEN AND
HE STARES BLANKLY
AT DASTARI STANDING
OVER HIM.

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA:
HIS POV - THE
BLURRED FORM OF
DASTARI)

THE DOCTOR: Jamie ...

(HIS EYES CLOSE)

6. INT. PASSAGE.

(C.U. THE DOCTOR (BAKER).
HIS EYES OPEN)

THE DOCTOR: Jamie ...

(HIS EYES CLOSE)

Boing ... boingg ...

PERI: Come on, Doctor! Wake
up.

(THE DOCTOR STRUGGLES
BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS.
HE STARES AROUND)

THE DOCTOR: What's happened?
Where am I?

JAMIE: We had to move you -

THE DOCTOR: Move me? But I
warned you -

PERI: We had to get you out,
Doctor. The computer caught
fire.

THE DOCTOR: (SITS UP) The
computer? That's impossible.

JAMIE: Look at that door. It's
buckling already.

THE DOCTOR: Of course! My fault - I must have cut out the regulators and it's overheated. (SWINGS OFF THE BUNK) We must turn off the oxygen vents. No fire without oxygen, you know.

PERI: Doctor, it's an inferno in there!

(THE DOCTOR TOUCHES
THE DOOR AND PULLS
HIS HAND BACK
SHARPLY)

THE DOCTOR: We've left it too late. Why didn't you two think of turning off the oxygen? Why do you always leave everything to me?

JAMIE: We got you out.

THE DOCTOR: Yes ... Yes, thank you. Boing ... Boing ... Now where have I heard that before?

PERI: Doctor.

(SHE INDICATES THE
DOOR.

LIQUID FLAME IS
CREEPING UNDER IT
AS IT STARTS TO
SPLIT UP)

THE DOCTOR: You're right, Peri. I'll think about it later. Come on.

(HE SETS OFF DOWN
THE PASSAGE.

THE COMPANIONS FOLLOW)

7. INT. CELLARS.

(BECOMINGLY INCREASINGLY
LIKE A FUTURISTIC
OPERATING THEATRE AS
DASTARI BUSIES ABOUT
SETTING UP HIS
EQUIPMENT.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)
IS STIRRING.

CHESSENE IS WATCHING.

SHOCKEYE AND VARL
CARRY IN SOME MORE
EQUIPMENT)

VARL: That is the complete
manifest.

CHESSENE: Where is Stike?

VARL: The Group Marshal is
placing the scout-ship in clear
in order to conceal it from the
local primitives.

DASTARI: Even in clear it is
still possible to detect with
tracking equipment. We should
have chosen a less populous
planet.

CHESSENE: According to the mind
of the Dona Arana no-one comes
here even though there is a city
only four kilometres away.

(ON SHOCKEYE REGISTERING
THIS FACT)

DASTARI: Are there any defence installations in the area?

CHESSENE: The Dona Arana knows nothing of that. There was very little in her mind to absorb.

SHOCKEYE: Nor in her body. Nothing but bone and gristle.

(TIRED OF THE
CONVERSATION HE
WANDERS OFF)

DASTARI: I would have preferred somewhere completely deserted. The operation will be a delicate one and we cannot risk any interruptions.

CHESSENE: It was Shockeye's wish to come here.

(SHE LOOKS ALMOST
FONDLY ACROSS TO
WHERE SHOCKEYE,
CAT-LIKE, IS
STALKING SOMETHING)

DASTARI: And you indulged him? Why?

CHESSENE: He has a craving to savour the flesh of these humans. As an Androgum myself I know the potency of these desires in our race.

DASTARI: You are no longer an Androgum, Chessene. I have raised you to a superior plane of life.

(CHESSENE TURNS AWAY
TO CONCEAL HER
EXPRESSION)

CHESSENE: There are blood-ties
between the Franzine Grig and
the Quawncing Grig, Dastari.
Shockeye does not yet know the
full nature of my intentions.
When he does learn the truth
he is going to feel I have
betrayed our Androgum inheritance.

DASTARI: A being of your powers
cannot stay trapped forever in
the traditions of blood and race,
Chessene. You must go on alone
to create new traditions.

(CHESSENE LOOKS
MEANINGFULLY AT
THE DOCTOR)

CHESSENE: Not quite alone,
Dastari.

(IN A CORNER OF THE
CELLAR SHOCKEYE HAS
SOMETHING TRAPPED.

HE POUNCES ON A
SQUEALING RAT AND
SNAPS ITS NECK,
THEN BITES INTO IT
LIKE A KID WITH A
MARS BAR)

DASTARI: And he calls humans
primitive.

CHESSENE: All our chefs sample
the raw flavours of ingredients
before even heating their cooking
pots.

SHOCKEYE: Does this have a name,
Chessene?

CHESSENE: The Dona Arana knows
it as rat. It is a scavenging
creature.

(SHOCKEYE THROWS THE
RAT ASIDE)

SHOCKEYE: The flesh is rank.
Smoke-dried it might just be
tolerable.

(HE SHAMBLES OFF AGAIN.

CHESSENE SMILES)

CHESSENE: He is utterly tireless
in his quest for perfection.

8. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)
IS DEEP IN THOUGHT.
THEN SUDDENLY HE IS
TRIUMPHANT)

THE DOCTOR: It was Santa Maria!

PERI: What was?

THE DOCTOR: Boingg ... It's the
largest bell of the twenty-five
in the Cathedral at Seville.
Very distinctive.

PERI: So what does that mean?

THE DOCTOR: It means we know
the area where they're holding
me - him. It was in the distance,
about three miles I would judge.
Have you ever been to Seville,
Peri?

PERI: No, have you?

THE DOCTOR: How else would I
know the Santa Maria when I hear
it? Do try to use your brain,
my girl. Small though it is,
the human brain can be quite
effective when used properly.

(HE IS BUSILY SETTING
THE CONTROLS.

PERI LOOKS DAGGERS
AT HIS BACK)

PERI: You might be wrong.

THE DOCTOR: I am not wrong.

(JAMIE ENTERS LOOKING
SPRUCE)

Well, you look better for your bath. You should try one more often.

PERI: Ignore him, Jamie. He's being crotchety.

THE DOCTOR: I'm not crotchety. I'm ... well, I'm concerned.

JAMIE: What about?

THE DOCTOR: Myself. I mean him. Languishing in some dark dungeon at the mercy of the Sontarans.

PERI: You can't be sure he's in a dungeon.

THE DOCTOR: There was an echo - an after-resonance. If you'd been locked in as many dungeons as I have you couldn't fail to recognise it. Are you ready?

JAMIE: What for?

THE DOCTOR: Transference.

(AND HE SLAMS THE
TARDIS INTO GEAR.

PERI CLINGS TO THE
CONSOLE BUT JAMIE
IS THROWN BACKWARDS.

THE DOCTOR SMILES
THINLY)

JAMIE: My Doctor wouldna' have done that.

THE DOCTOR: Your doctor is an antedeluvian fogey - letting himself fall into the hands of the Sontarans! If anything happens to myself as a result I'll never forgive himself.

PERI: I wish you'd stop switching personal pronouns, Doctor. It would make it easier to know what you're talking about.

THE DOCTOR: I know what I'm talking about and that's all that matters.

9. INT. CELLARS.

(THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)
STRETCHES, YAWNS.

HIS EYES OPEN)

THE DOCTOR: Good morning.

DASTARI: Don't try to move
yet, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, it's you,
Dastari.

DASTARI: You'll feel dizzy
for a time.

THE DOCTOR: So I've been drugged?
What did you use? It feels
like one of the anomode group.

DASTARI: Absolutely right.
Siralanomode.

THE DOCTOR: Siralanomode? That
affects the memory'.

CHESSENE: We're not interested
in your memory.

THE DOCTOR: Haven't I seen
you somewhere before? Oh,
I've got it - you're the augmented
Androgum. (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS
BEYOND HER TO
WHERE SHOCKEYE IS
CROONING AN ANDROGUM
LULLABY)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) I can't say
That I care for the company you
keep, Dastari.

VARL: (FROM DOOR) Attention!
Group Marshal Stike of the
Ninth Sontaran Attack Group!

(STIKE STRIDES IN.

HE IS, APART FROM
HIS SWAGGER STICK
AND A BIT MORE GOLD
BRAID, A CLONE OF
VARL)

STIKE: Stand at ease.

CHESSENE: We already were,
Stike. And tell that underling
of yours not to shout every time
you appear.

STIKE: Yes, Major Varl. The
Androgum is quite right. I
shall treat them as equals for
the time being.

VARL: Very good, sir.

(THE DOCTOR IS
STARING)

THE DOCTOR: Sontarans! ... I
remember now. The Space Station.
But I had someone with me ...
Jamie! What have you done with
Jamie?

CHESSENE: Your companion will
be long since dead, Doctor.
The Sontarans take no prisoners.

STIKE: Inflexible policy.

THE DOCTOR: No!

(HE TRIES TO SPRING
FROM THE TABLE.

CHESSENE AND DASTARI
PINION HIM.

SHOCKEYE ARRIVES TO
HELP)

CHESSENE: Fasten the restraints ...

(THE KICKING, STRUGGLING
DOCTOR IS STRAPPED TO
THE TABLE.

HE FINALLY ABANDONS
THE UNEQUAL STRUGGLE.

HIS HEAD SINKS BACK,
HE STARES DULLY
UPWARDS)

THE DOCTOR: Jamie...

STIKE: What was the cause of that
disgusting outburst?

CHESSENE: He had a sentimental
attachment to his dead companion.

STIKE: To fall at the front of
the battle is a glorious fate.
But at the Space Station there was
no glory. We simply executed
some snivelling prisoners.

THE DOCTOR: You are a slimy
obscenity.

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Country Road. Day.

The Tardis materialises
on the verge.

ANOTHER ANGLE: OSCAR
and ANITA hurrying along.

They round a corner
and see the Tardis.

OSCAR stops in surprise.

OSCAR: Well, isn't that
incredible! Police! And they
say they're never here when
you need them.

ANITA: Oscar, it doesn't
say Polizia.

OSCAR: Interpol, my dear. They
have branches everywhere.

ANITA: Oscar, you are a fool.

But he doesn't hear
her as he has hurried
forward to meet
THE DOCTOR (BAKER),
PERI, and JAMIE as
they emerge from the
police box.

OSCAR: Officer, we have to
report a tragedy. Stark disaster
has struck this green and simple
countryside.

THE DOCTOR: Has it, indeed?
What manner of disaster, Mr ...?

OSCAR: Botcherby. Oscar Botcherby
at your service, sir. And this
dark-eyed naiad is named Anita.

ANITA: Oh, come on, Oscar!
There's been a plane crash.

OSCAR has been taking
in the Doctor's clothes
and Jamie's kilt.

OSCAR: Of course, it may not
be your department. I can see
from your raiment that you
obviously belong to the plain-
clothes branch.

THE DOCTOR: Did you see this
aeroplane?

OSCAR: No, we were in an olive
grove at the time it roared
overhead. We were on a moth-
hunting expedition. Are you
interested in lepidoptera, at
all?

THE DOCTOR: I am interested in
everything. But mainly, at
the moment, in this crash that
you heard.

ANITA: It came down near Dona
Arana's hacienda. We saw three
survivors staggering towards the
house.

OSCAR: Well, two of them were
carrying some other poor injured
fellow.

THE DOCTOR: Were they indeed?
Mr. Botcherby, you may well have
done me a great service.

OSCAR: In what way, officer?

THE DOCTOR: I think you saw three
fugitives whose trail we have
been following for some time.
Perhaps you will lead us to this
hacienda?

ANITA: Of course. It's this way.

OSCAR: Should we, my dear?
It's easy to find, officer. If
you follow this road ...

ANITA: We ought to show them,
Oscar. It's not easy to find.

OSCAR: I was thinking these men
might be danger ... I mean I
was thinking we ought to get
back to the restaurant.

ANITA: We've plenty of time.

THE DOCTOR: You'll be doing a
public service, Mr. Botcherby.

OSCAR: Oh well. The Botcherbies
have never shirked from public
services. My dear departed father
was an air raid warden in Shepton
Mallet throughout the war. He
slept in a steel helmet for five
years.

As they move off.

END TELECINE 2.

10. INT. CELLARS.

(DASTARI IS SETTING
UP A BOX, SOMETHING
SIMILAR TO A DIY
PHOTO-KIOSK)

THE DOCTOR: What have you got
there?

DASTARI: The Kartz-Reimer
transference module.

THE DOCTOR: Well, that'll never
work. I can tell that from here.

DASTARI: It worked well enough
to bring you to the space
station, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: All it did was to
produce a few hiccups in the
time continuum - enough to
alert us to the fact that some
dangerously crude experiments
were going on.

DASTARI: Kartz and Reimer were
clearly on the right track.
Several Androgums successfully
vanished into time during those
experiments. Unfortunately
we were unable to bring them
back.

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THE DOCTOR: Of course you couldn't. Nobody can travel through time without access to a molecular stabilisation system.

DASTARI: We know that now. And we know that Time Lords possess a symbiotic link with their machines which protects them and anyone with them against de-stabilisation.

THE DOCTOR: Guesswork.

DASTARI: Don't underestimate Chessene, Doctor. Hers was the brain behind Kartz and Reimer. And it was she who first realised the missing element had to lie somewhere in here.

(HE MAKES A
SWEEPING GESTURE
OVER THE DOCTOR'S
BODY)

THE DOCTOR: So what do you intend to do - cut me up piece by piece?

DASTARI: Let us say cell by cell and gene by gene until I isolate the symbiotic nuclei.

THE DOCTOR: When did you go mad, Dastari?

DASTARI: I assure you I'm not at all mad.

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THE DOCTOR: Then you're totally under Chessene's domination. Are you hoping to give her the power of time travel? Is that the idea?

DASTARI: I shall put her among the gods. There need to be no limit to her achievements.

THE DOCTOR: There'll be no limit to her capacity for evil! She's an Androgum whatever you say, Dastari, and she'll snap off the hand that feeds her any time she feels hungry.

DASTARI: You dcn't know Chessene. I confess I was sad that the Time Lords chose to send you as their emissary because I have always had a certain regard for you personally, Doctor. And the operation will, of necessity, be painful. But ...

THE DOCTOR: But it'll hurt you more than me?

DASTARI: What gives you that idea? No, I was going to say but you'll at least have the satisfaction of knowing you have been part of a great undertaking.

(HE STARTS TO EXIT)

THE DOCTOR: You're an irresponsible old fool! (cont ...)

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THE DOCTOR: (cont) The Androgums
are barbarians. Release them
into time and every civilised
people in the galaxy will curse
your name! ... Do you hear me?

(BUT DASTARI HAS
GONE.

THE DOCTOR GROANS)

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11. INT. CELLARS.

(ANOTHER VAULTED
AREA CONTIGUOUS
TO THAT IN WHICH
THE DOCTOR IS HELD.

DASTARI STARTS
LOADING A TROLLEY
WITH SURGICAL
EQUIPMENT.

STIKE COMES INTO
THE CELLAR)

STIKE: Dastari, why this delay?

DASTARI: Delay?

STIKE: I expected the operation
to begin immediately upon my
arrival. Time is being wasted.

DASTARI: Time is not being
wasted. An operation of this
complexity needs careful
preparation.

STIKE: You are not efficient.
All that should have been done.

DASTARI: We brought most of this
equipment with us. How could it
have been installed before we
got here?

STIKE: Chessene should have brought
it. There was no forward planning.

DASTARI: If we had dismantled my operating theatre any earlier the station would have been buzzing with speculation. Chessene's plan might have failed. It wasn't worth the risk.

STIKE: And how long will this operation take?

DASTARI: As long as it takes me to locate the symbiotic nuclei within the Time Lord's cell structure. Hours or days. I cannot say.

STIKE: Every hour is precious to me, Dastari. My Ninth Group is forming up for a vital battle in the Madillon Cluster. If successful it could change the course of the war. So it is imperative that I be there to lead them to victory.

DASTARI: Then if time is so important I suggest you take this to the operating theatre while I fetch the rest of my equipment.

(HE LEAVES STIKE
WITH THE TROLLEY
AND EXITS)

12. INT. CELLARS.

(THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)
IS TESTING THE
RESTRAINING BANDS
ACROSS HIS LEG AND
CHEST.

HE STOPS AS STIKE
WHEELS THE TROLLEY
IN)

THE DOCTOR: Is it tea-time
already, nurse?

STIKE: I do not understand
facetiousness.

THE DOCTOR: Just as well. A face
like yours isn't made for laughing.

STIKE: The operation must
begin soon. I am need at
the front.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I heard you
ranting to Dastari about that.
What was it - a vital strike
in the Madillon Cluster? Dear
me, nothing changes, does it?
You and the Rutans have become
petrified in your attitudes.

STIKE: Nothing can change until
victory is achieved. But I fear
I may have made a tactical error.

THE DOCTOR: I thought Sontarans never made mistakes.

STIKE: It is not easy being a commander - the loneliness of supreme responsibility.

THE DOCTOR: Then why don't you resign, Stike, and claim your pension?

STIKE: When I die it will be alongside my comrades. One thing you and I have in common is that we do not fear death.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, I don't know ...

STIKE: There is no fear in your eyes, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: What mistake do you think you've made?

STIKE: I should have led my group in the Madillon strike before moving against the space station. Dastari cannot say how long the operation will take. I might miss the vital battle.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I see your difficulty.

STIKE: So, Doctor, you have the chance - in death - to help the Sontaran cause.

THE DOCTOR: How do I do that?

STIKE: Tell Dastari where he will find the symbiotic nuclei within your cell structure. Vital time will be saved and I can be on my way.

THE DOCTOR: Is that what Chessene has offered you - the knowledge of time travel?

STIKE: In return for our co-operation at the space station.

THE DOCTOR: In that case you should watch your back, Stike.

STIKE: What?

THE DOCTOR: She is an Androgum - a race to whom treachery is as natural as breathing. They're a bit like you Sontarans in that respect.

(STIKE SLAPS HIM
ACROSS THE FACE)

STIKE: That is for the slur on my people.

THE DOCTOR: I demand satisfaction.

STIKE: You know that is impossible.

THE DOCTOR: I'm challenging you to a duel, Stike. That is traditional among Sontarans, isn't it?

STIKE: (HESITATES) It would give me pleasure to kill you. But unfortunately you are needed alive.

(HE TURNS STIFFLY
TO WALK AWAY)

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THE DOCTOR: Untie me, Stike!
Or are you not only without honour
but a coward as well?

(STIKE HALTS.

HE STANDS STOCK-
STILL FOR A MOMENT.

HIS VOICE SHAKES
WITH EMOTION)

STIKE: As you are not a Sontaran,
Doctor, you cannot impugn my
honour.

(HE CONTINUES ON
OUT OF THE CELLAR)

THE DOCTOR: Well, that little ploy
didn't work ...

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TELECINE 3:

Ext. Hacienda grounds.
Day.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER) and
his COMPANIONS survey
the house from the cover
of the foliage.

THE DOCTOR: Wait here.

PERI: Where are you going?

THE DOCTOR: I'll just take
a scout round the back.

He straightens and
slips quietly away.

OSCAR: Oh, look!

JAMIE: What?

OSCAR: Over there.

JAMIE: I don't see anything.

OSCAR: Just there! An exquisite
feathered gothic. If only I'd
brought my net ...

PERI: Ssh! Look, there's a
light on.

END TELECINE 3.

13. INT. BEDROOM.

(SHOCKEYE EXPLORES
THE ROOM.

HE FINDS A COOKERY
BOOK AND LEAFS THROUGH
IT. THE CONTENTS
INTEREST HIM)

CHESSENE: (ENTERS) What do
you have there, Shockeye?

SHOCKEYE: A selection of
recipes used by these humans.
It's most interesting.

(CHESSENE GLANCES
AT THE BOOK)

CHESSENE: I can't think that
Shockeye o' the Quawncing Grig
has anything to learn from humans.
Do you understand it?

SHOCKEYE: Yes, indeed. The
ingredients are unfamiliar,
naturally, but the general principles
are similar to our own methods.
They cannot be quite as primitive
as I believed. In some ways
they resemble us.

CHESSENE: In what ways?

SHOCKEYE: (INDICATES BOOK) I
have found many of these in the
house. There cannot be a creature
on the planet that humans do not
kill and eat. (cont ...)

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SHOCKEYE: (cont) Many beasts are bred especially for table, force-fed to improve the flesh, and penned in small confined quarters to fatten more rapidly. And another interesting similarity -

(HIS VOICE CONTINUES
OVER THE FOLLOWING
TELECINE:)

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TELECINE 4:

Ext. Hacienda.
Day.

THE DOCTOR, skirting
the house, hears
Shockeye's voice.

There is a trellis under
the window bearing an
old, overgrown vine.

THE DOCTOR tests its
stability and then
starts to climb.

END TELECINE 4.

14. INT. BEDROOM.

SHOCKEYE: - various methods of killing. Some are suspended alive from hooks while their blood pumps out. Others are carefully strangled so that all the blood is retained. It depends on the type of meat that is required. Crustaceans are killed by plunging them into vats of boiling liquid.

TELECINE 5:

Ext. Hacienda.

Day.

THE DOCTOR looking
through the window.

The trellis starts
to sag from the wall.
ON his alarm:

END TELECINE 5.

15. INT. BEDROOM.

SHOCKEYE: The strange thing, however, is that I can find no recipes for cooking the human animal.

CHESSENE: There are races that do not eat their own kind.

SHOCKEYE: But a species that is at the top of the food-chain, as these creatures are, must develop the finest flavour of all. They have the pick of the planet's resources and all that goodness is concentrated -

CHESSENE: Listen!

TELECINE 6:

Ext. Hacienda.
Day.

THE DOCTOR hits
the ground in a
tangle of vines and
broken trellis work.

He lies doggo in a
heavy shadow at the
base of the wall.

Above him the window
is flung open.

CHESSENE stares out
suspiciously.

END TELECINE 6.

16. INT. BEDROOM.

CHESSENE: I heard something
out here.

SHOCKEYE: I heard nothing,
Chessene.

CHESSENE: You were too busy
talking about your favourite
subject.

SHOCKEYE: I must have a Tellurian
soon! A young one with a good
proportion of meat to the bone.
I am becoming insane for such
a feast.

CHESSENE: Be patient, Shockeye.
We'll find one for you before
we leave Earth - indeed, I'll
join you at table for I confess
to a certain curiosity myself.

(SHE CLOSES THE WINDOW
AND TURNS BACK)

SHOCKEYE: Oh, madam, all is not
lost for you! I'll prepare the
beast with such care it will be
a gustatory experience to savour
for a thousand years!

TELECINE 7:

THE DOCTOR, limping slightly, regains the safety of the trees.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

PERI: So you're an actor.

OSCAR: For my sins.

JAMIE: What are you acting in at the moment, Oscar?

OSCAR: I am between roles at the moment so I'm managing a little restaurant for a friend of mine - La Piranella in the Arab Quarter.

ANITA nudges him.

ANITA: Quiet, Oscar! Someone's coming ...

They crouch lower in the shrubbery. Suddenly the bushes part and THE DOCTOR appears. He flops down beside them.

PERI: Oh, Doctor! You scared us! Did you have to creep up like that?

THE DOCTOR: What did you expect, brass bands?

THE DOCTOR shakes
his head.

JAMIE: Did you find out anything?

THE DOCTOR: But the Sontarans
are here. I can sense them.

OSCAR: Who are the Sontarans?

JAMIE: Don't ask. Just hope
you don't meet one.

THE DOCTOR: Anita, is the Dona
Arana tall and dark with a broad,
heavy forehead?

ANITA: No, she's small and frail
with white hair.

THE DOCTOR: Not her then. I
couldn't see the person she was
with, his back was turned. So
I don't know if he's human or
not.

OSCAR: What do you mean - human
or not?

THE DOCTOR: The noise you heard
was a space craft landing. And
this house is now in the
possession of alien beings.

OSCAR: You are joshing me,
officer, are you ... not?

JAMIE: Doctor, I've just
thought - this one with the
broad forehead - had she a long,
dark dress with white cuffs and
collars?

THE DOCTOR: I couldn't describe it any closer myself, Jamie.

JAMIE: Then she was on the space station!

THE DOCTOR: Was she now?

JAMIE: Dastari said she was a - what was it - Androgum.

THE DOCTOR: Of course! Now you mention it - though her features hadn't the heaviness of the typical Androgum.

JAMIE: He said he'd done some operations that had turned her into a genius.

THE DOCTOR: What a stupid thing to do!

JAMIE: That's what the Doctor said.

THE DOCTOR: Well, I was right. Whatever he did for her mind her nature would remain the same - and Androgums have about as much emotional capacity as crocodiles.

PERI: What's the next move, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: We have to get into that house without being detected.

ANITA: I know a secret way into the cellars. It used to run from the old ice-house.

THE DOCTOR: The cellars? That's even better ... Peri, you'll have to cause a distraction while Jamie and I try to find out where I'm being held.

PERI: You're doing it again, aren't you?

THE DOCTOR: Doing what?

PERI: Never mind. What sort of distraction?

THE DOCTOR: Do I have to think of everything? Knock on the door and say you're lost. Ask for directions, a glass of water, anything. Just keep them busy, all right?

PERI: I don't speak Spanish.

THE DOCTOR: Don't worry. They're not Spaniards. Anita, show us the way to this ice-house.

PERI: What do I do if a Sontaran answers the door?

THE DOCTOR: I don't think that's likely. For the moment they seem to be keeping well out of sight.

END TELECINE 7.

17. INT. BEDROOM.

(SHOCKEYE IS STILL
EXPLORING. HE
OPENS A WARDROBE
AND FINDS IT FULL
OF ANCIENT CLOTHES.
HE TRIES AN OLD
TAIL-COAT ON AND
FINDS THAT IT FITS
AFTER A FASHION.

HE IS AMUSED BY
HIS REFLECTION IN
THE DRESSING-TABLE
MIRROR. THEN DECIDES
TO IMPROVE THE IMAGE
BY WHITENING HIS
GREY SKIN WITH
TALCUM POWDER.

SOMETHING ALERTS
HIM AND HE GOES
TO THE WINDOW.

HIS EYES WIDEN.
HE STARES DOWN
GREEDILY)

TELECINE 8:

Ext. Hacienda. Day.

SHOCKEYE'S P.O.V. of
PERI crossing the
courtyard towards the
main entrance.

END TELECINE 8.

18. INT. CELLARS.

(DASTARI APPROACHES
THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)
WITH A PRIMED HYPO-
INJECTOR)

DASTARI: I'm afraid I'm unable
to give you a full anaesthetic.

THE DOCTOR: Doing the job
on the cheap, are you?

DASTARI: You have to be
conscious while the neuron
bombardment excites the brain
cells. I shall then be able
to examine them.

THE DOCTOR: You should be
examining your own brain
cells, Dastari. Most of
them must have leaked out
of your ears or you wouldn't
be involved in this madness!

(WIDEN TO SHOW
CHESSENE WATCHING.

STIKE AND VARL
ARE IN BACKGROUND).

DASTARI: This injection will
simply inhibit the motor-
centres and prevent movement.

STIKE: Get on with it,
Dastari! You're delaying
my war effort!

(DASTARI INJECTS
THE DOCTOR AND
THEN TURNS)

DASTARI: If you want this
operation to succeed, Group
Marshal, you will allow me
to proceed as I decide and
at the pace I consider
appropriate.

(STIKE RUMBLES BUT
SAYS NOTHING.

DASTARI TURNS
BACK TO THE DOCTOR)

Count backwards from ten,
Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Certainly not.

DASTARI: As you wish.

THE DOCTOR: Do you expect me
to co-operate in my own ...
own mmm ... murder? Im
dongay ollik parl ...

(HIS EYES CLOSE.

DASTARI TESTS HIS
REFLEXES AND THEN
UNFASTENS THE
RESTRAINTS.

HE LOWERS A NEURON-
RAY MACHINE OVER
THE TABLE AND ADJUSTS
IT TO ANGLE ON THE
DOCTOR'S HEAD. HE
SWITCHES IT ON AND
THERE IS A PULSING
BLAST.

THE DOCTOR TWITCHES
AND HIS FACE CONTORTS
WITH EACH PULSE.

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AFTER TEN PULSES
DASTARI SWITCHES
THE MACHINE OFF.

HE PICKS UP A
SMALL ELECTRIC SAW
AND SETS IT BUZZING)

DASTARI: The next step is
to partially detach the
occipital bone.

(HE BENDS OVER THE
DOCTOR. THERE IS
THE DISTANT SOUND
OF A DOORBELL)

CHESSENE: Wait.

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TELECINE 9:

Ext. Hacienda. Day.

JAMIE and THE DOCTOR
with ANITA beside a
crumbling outbuilding.

THE DOCTOR tests
the door. It creaks
open.

ANITA: Shall I come with you?

THE DOCTOR: No, you've done
enough bringing us this far,
Anita. Now I want you to
collect Oscar and get off
the estate as fast as you can.

ANITA: Well - good luck, then.

JAMIE: Goodbye, Anita.

He watches regretfully
as ANITA starts back
through the tangled
shrubbery.

THE DOCTOR calls from
inside the building.

THE DOCTOR: (V.O.) Come
along, Jamie. No time for
mooning.

END TELECINE 9.

19. INT. HALLWAY.

(CHESSENE EYES PERI)

CHESSENE: American students?

PERI: Yes, we're planning to send parties every year and are surveying the district for suitable accommodation. Can I ask, do you live here alone or are there other occupants?

CHESSENE: I live here alone.

(A NOISE MAKES
THEM TURN.

SHOCKEYE IS THERE,
DROOLING AS HE
STARES GLUTTONOUSLY
AT PERI)

Apart from my servant. Wait here, young woman.

(SHE LEADS SHOCKEYE
OFF.

PERI HEAVES A
SILENT SIGH OF
RELIEF)

20. INT. PASSAGE.

SHOCKEYE: We could have her tonight. I could make a piquant sauce -

CHESSENE: Perhaps we shall. But first I must test my suspicions.

SHOCKEYE: What suspicions?

CHESSENE: The human mind is so flabby and vague it is hard to read. But she was constantly thinking of the Doctor ... The Doctor.

SHOCKEYE: But she could have no knowledge of The Doctor. How would that be possible?

CHESSENE: We will see. Have Dastari bring him through the hall. If there is a connection she will give herself away when she sees him.

SHOCKEYE: And then we can cook her? Very good, madam.

(HE MOVES OFF)

21. INT. OUTBUILDING.

(LITTERED WITH
RUSTING AGRICULTURAL
EQUIPMENT, SADDLERY
TACKLE, ETC.

THE DOCTOR IS
LOWERING HIMSELF
THROUGH A FLOOR
TRAP)

THE DOCTOR: Mind how you
go, Jamie. This ladder
feels -

(HE DISAPPEARS
SUDDENLY. A YELP
OF PAIN FROM BELOW.

JAMIE PEERS INTO
THE HATCH)

JAMIE: A bit rickety - is
that what you were going to
say, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Just get yourself
down here.

22. INT. CELLARS.

(STIKE HAS HIS
GUN DRAWN AND
POINTING THREATENINGLY
AT DASTARI)

DASTARI: You heard what
Shockeye said. Chessene
wants him taken upstairs.

SHOCKEYE: Her orders were
quite clear.

STIKE: And I am ordering
you to continue with the
operation. I will not
tolerate further delay.

DASTARI: Force will get you
nowhere, Stike. If you kill
me you will lose forever all
chance of learning the Time
Lord's genetic secret.

(STIKE IS BEATEN)

STIKE: Very well. But tell
Chessene if this operation is
not completed by the end of
the day I shall return to
my unit, anyway - and I shall
leave none of you alive
behind me.

(HE HOLSTERS HIS
GUN AND TURNS)

Come, Varl.

- 2/75 -

(THE SONTARANS
MARCH OUT.

DASTARI GLARES AFTER
THEM)

DASTARI: Militaristic buffoon!
Help me lift him into the
wheelchair ...

SHOCKEYE: Chessene will deal
with him. Have you ever eaten
a Sontaran?

DASTARI: Certainly not.

SHOCKEYE: They're a cloned
species, I believe. For some
reason the flesh of clones
always lacks flavour ...

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23. INT. CELLARS.

(SECOND AREA) THE
DOCTOR (BAKER) AND
JAMIE ARE MOVING
CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH
IT WHEN THEY HEAR
SHOCKEYE'S VOICE.

THEY HIDE BEHIND
SOME BARRELS.

SHOCKEYE AND DASTARI
WHEEL THE DOCTOR
THROUGH.

JAMIE TENSES AND
SEEMS LIKELY TO
SPRING OUT ON THEM.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER)
PUTS A WARNING HAND
ON HIS SHOULDER.

SHOCKEYE AND DASTARI
PASS FROM THE AREA)

JAMIE: Aren't we going after
them?

THE DOCTOR: Let's look around
first.

JAMIE: But there's only two
of them. We could -

THE DOCTOR: One of them is
an Androgum, Jamie. He'd
break us both in half with
one hand. As for the other ...

JAMIE: I know him. He was
the professor at the space
station.

24. INT. HALLWAY.

PERI: And how many bedrooms
are available?

CHESSENE: Seventeen.

(THEY TURN AS
DASTARI WHEELS THE
DOCTOR IN.)

CHESSENE WATCHES
PERI CLOSELY.

SHOCKEYE ALSO
HAS HIS AVID EYES
ON HER)

PERI: I thought you lived
alone here?

CHESSENE: Visitors.

(SHE IS DISAPPOINTED
AT PERI'S LACK OF
REACTION)

Take him to his room.

(DASTARI WHEELS
THE DOCTOR OUT)

PERI: Is he all right?

CHESSENE: He has had a
tiring time recently.

SHOCKEYE: (EAGERLY) Madam?

- 2/78 -

CHESSENE: Yes. Show this young woman round, Shockeye. She might be particularly interested in the kitchens.

SHOCKEYE: A pleasure, madam.

PERI: Thank you, but I have all the information I need.

SHOCKEYE: Come.

PERI: Sorry. My friends are waiting for me.

(SHE PULLS OPEN
THE DOOR AND SLIPS
OUT.

CHESSENE STAYS
SHOCKEYE)

CHESSENE: If she has friends they will come enquiring after her.

SHOCKEYE: I think that was a lie. Animals always scent danger. They have to be dragged to the abattoir.

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TELECINE 10:

Ext. Hacienda Grounds.
Day.

PERI trying to walk
calmly away from the
house. She glances
back.

SHOCKEYE is on the steps
watching her.

She starts to run
towards the trees.

SHOCKEYE smiles. He
races in pursuit.

END TELECINE 10.

25. INT. CELLARS.

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)
IS EXAMINING THE
KIOSK, PAYING
PARTICULAR ATTENTION
TO THE PANELS ON
THE BACK)

THE DOCTOR: They've got it
almost exactly right. Even
down to the briodenebuliser,
look.

JAMIE: What is it, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: The Kartz-
Reimer version of a Tardis.

THE DOCTOR: It would if I
used it - or any Time Lord.
But not for anyone else.

JAMIE: Why not?

THE DOCTOR: These machines
have to be primed. We call
it the Rassilon Imprimature
- that's a sort of symbiotic
print within the physiology
of Time Lords. But once
that's absorbed into the
briode-nebuliser you have a
time machine anyone can use.
Of course, that's the bit
they didn't understand.
They've simply copied the
technology without realising
that old Rassilon had a
second trick up his sleeve.

- 2/81 -

STIKE: A most interesting
lecture, Doctor.

(THEY SWING ROUND.

STIKE AND VARL
HAVE THEM COVERED)

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TELECINE 11:

Ext. Hacienda Grounds.
Day.

PERI racing through
the trees, branches
catching at her clothes.
She keeps glancing
fearfully back.

She trips and falls.
Lies panting for a
second, then starts
to get up.

SHOCKEYE is above her,
smiling. He holds
out a coaxing hand.

SHOCKEYE: Pretty-pretty ...
Here, my pretty one ...

ON PERI frozen with
fear as SHOCKEYE bends
over her.

END TELECINE 11.

SUPOSE CAM Closing
 Titles:

FADE OUT